A BRAVE WOMAN.
A TRUE STORY.

Nearly a century ago, when West Virginia, thinly settled and cleared, was a favourite fighting ground of the Indian tribes, there lived near the Kanawha Falls a settler of Dutch extraction named Van Bibber, a man of some note and distinction in those early times. His homestead stood below the Falls, and opposite to it, on the other side of the river, was an overhanging rock of immense size, jutting out about a hundred feet over the soothing whirlpool caused by the Falls, and rising to nearly one hundred feet above the water. This rock was once the scene of a remarkable adventure, which exhibits what woman’s love will give her courage to achieve for the defence and rescue of those to whom she is united in the tenderest bonds of affection.

Van Bibber was one day returning from an expedition into the dense forest on the
opposite side of the river to his home, when he unexpectedly crossed the path of a party of Indians returning from some distant fray, and dressed in the garb of the warpath—paint, feathers, and unparaphernalized more and more, and in hot pursuit after him, and the settler, though possessed of great agility and being a swift runner, found himself unable to escape over the dikes of the savages. The very steps of the savages had enabled them to double upon him; and, cutting off all approach to the water, he was driven to the summit of the overhanging rock, where by the aid of his rifle, he kept the enemy for a few moments at bay.

Here he lay, in full view of the savages both above and below, who yelled with triumph at the prospect of his speedy capture. Across the river before him lay his home; and as his wife emerged from the house, startled by the noise, with her babe nestled in her arms. She stood as if petrified with terror and amazement; helpless, as he thought, to render assistance. Suddenly, borne upon the light breeze, to her ear came the clear tones of her voice. "Leap into the river and save me!" And, laying her babe on the bank of the stream, she now flung herself into the water, seized the cans, and sprang into the skiff alone. Well for her that her arms were strong, and that so many of their hours had been spent in swimming, which filled with hundreds of eddies in its rapid current past the walls of their home.

There is no indiction or weakness in the steady, dim stroke of the oars which beat her rapidly on her dangerous course. Her husband must be rescued, and there is no human arm but hers to save him. Nerved by love to double courage, the brave woman steadily nears the middle of the river. "Drop lower, wife." Lower yet, and with the last words Van Bibber sprang from the bank, and descended as if an arrow into the water.

With every pulse beating wildly, the devoted wife rested on her oars to see him rise to the surface, while her frail canoes danced like a corm on top of the swiftest waves. Ages seemed to pass in that awful suspense. Had the fell injured him? Had the water intervened? Yes, as she knew, in multitudes under the water, carried down from the Falls above? Would he never rise? Her eyes, tried in vain to penetrate the surface, were now her only guide. Into the canoe she threw her arms, and swept the canoe still further down the stream.

A moment more and his head rose suddenly near her, and all her mind was directed to helping him to climb into the shelter of the canoe, amid the shower of arrows and shot with which the baffled Indians poured upon their annoying foe.

No word was exchanged between them; though her husband was rescued, they had not yet reached the opposite shore, and the brave woman saw that, after the perils just described, her position on the river was very perilous. She had almost stood still with fear, the devoted wife bent once more to the oars with her whole brute strength, thinking to God: Thanked! She was successful; and after their desperate adventure the exhausted husband and wife landed on the spot whence she had been carried. The babe still lay, crowing and laughing, in the last rays of the afternoon sun.

Two or three neighbours, who had been gathered together under the ribs, pulled the canoe to the sands and helped to lift Van Bibber to his feet. He could not walk, so they laid him on the green sward by his babe, and falling down by his side in her utter exhaustion and thankfulness, the overexcited nerves of the woman quite went in a wild and uncontrolled fit of weeping.

"Just what any other woman would have done," says some young reader, with a little air of surprise and self-importance.

Exactly so, my dear; but then you see another woman might have cried at the wrong time—before, instead of after, the event narrated in my story; and then Van Bibber would never have been rescued from his deadly peril, and the baby might never have lived! I have related the story as I have told it to you.

And if you ever go there, they will show you the gushing cove, which is called "Van Bibber's Rock," to this day.

D. DEB.

ABOUT BIBLE CLASSIES.

COOK can talk about cooking better than most of his contemporaries. Hebrew and Greek scholar in the land, so can a shoemaker. He knows about leather, so can a carpenter about wood; therefore if a Bible class teacher, of some fifteen years' standing, begins to talk about Bible classes, he certainly has a right to think she may have a little something to say on the point. The writer has kept Bible classes with considerable success for the period above named, and so she is going to-day to tell our girls something about it.

In the first place, let me say that Bible class work is absolutely necessary; that is why we make it a subject for our girls to think about; the ladies in a town or village have generally more time to give to it than the gentlemen, and it is an unwise classification which needs the whole endeavour of head and heart. Yes, the whole endeavour; for the reading and understanding of God's Word is what Bible classes have in hand, and we must give to high a task our very best energies for its highest achievements. If the Bible class is for men or boys, women make the best Bible class teacher; the roughest nappy, or miner, or farm labourer is singularly susceptible to the influence of a gentle, graceful-mannered, cultivated Christian lady. It seems to be the case that the very contrast of her whole person is the key to his own; there is a strange, wonder-working spell in it that touches and stirs the very depths of his rude nature; but we will say more about this by-and-by.

Now let me tell you of a few of my own experiences to encourage those who would like to enter the field which I have begun to keep a Bible class it was on a cold, wintry, Sunday morning; the sky looked dark and dreary, the smoke was dark, grey mist hung in the air, and hid the distant hills, and my own frame of mind and feeling corresponded very much to the colouring of the November day; the eyes opened to open for men and hills, had never been held before, and found themselves in our parish, and I had but faint hopes that it would gain popularity even with a few. It was the Master's work, however, and so I went bravely forward. That first morning five attended me, and twelve more out of the five, at least, were heavy and unenthusiastic. But still, as I have said, it was only what I had expected, and I resolved not to be stopped by such apparent failures. Next Saturday my five and I were together again with a dozen of our Bible in our hands. Months went by; the spring flowers smiled, and the summer sun laughed, and my class continued year after year. Autumn came and went in the woods; November was come again, and I was sitting in my class-room now with twenty-five instead of five around me. To-day this small class counts its members as some 200. How the class has thus multiplied and widened, its teacher cannot say in words that will bring forward any single, distinct, special reason; no doubt the increased interest has come from several causes at once. A lively, attractive manner with the men has, of course, something to do with it; a lady who keeps a Bible class must, if she wishes for success, throw herself into the daily lives and modes of thinking of her pupils, and try to understand their temptations, which are so different from one's own, and sympathise closely with all their joys and sorrows. Doing this will put heart and animation into her face and voice, without any effort on her part; of manner more as if it were naturally to her, and certainly her own character will open and soften as she goes on in this direction; a self-absorbed woman need not have any such preconceived prejudices, can never, with any well-founded hope of good results, take the teacher's chair in a Bible class meeting.

The Bible class in itself possesses themselves also do much towards enlarging their class; once get firm hold of a single workman in a shop or a factory, or on a farm, or in a mine, and his friends will soon know of your pleasure to follow him to the Bible class, one or two at a time. The one man, with his better thoughts and purer feelings, is like the little leaven which leavens the whole mass. He tells of what he hears in class-hours while he plies his handicraft; as the light of the Lord of Life grows brighter and stronger within him, his friends begin to feel sure to follow him to the Bible class, one or two at a time. Men talk, too, always freely and readily, and listen as well, while they are at work; so they speak much of all they hear at the Bible class; the life of Christian ideas comes with them at first out of curiosity, and then, with God's blessing, with the Power thus above helping mightily, as it always does here and all who live by the Master's Name, something better than curiosity will follow, and bind him with tender, yet unbreakable, cords to his seat there in that room where the Holy Word is read and explained. Above all, prayer, earnest prayer, will fill to overflowing the Bible class, and constantly must the Bible class teacher be upon her knees, in earnest and strong supplication for more and more to be led, by her humble means, into the Good Shepherd's fold. Such a class may be the right, right, right of well-fed benches gleaned her cherished soul.

One great and indispensable requisite for Bible class teaching is some knowledge of English may also be used, and should be thrown into and made clear certain passages in Scripture that are, otherwise, dim and shaggy and unutterable to the illiterate English mind. It is another faculty which is only imparted by the Bible class teacher, and one that will make her lessons especially interesting and effective. This faculty is the faculty of holding up before her pupils views of the Bible scenes. The men, as they sit around her, should see the blue waters of the Sea of Galilee, and the golden Eastern sunshine as the Lord trod its shores, or Nazareth nesting like a white dove in its green, upland valley, or the procession of the bric-